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THE
K I N G

AND THE

MILLER of Mansfield.

A
DRAMATICK TALE

As it was Acted

At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By R. DODSLEY.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, at Tully's Head, Pall-Mall.
[Price One Shilling.]

1737.

THE
G I N K

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The KING,	Mr. Cibber.
The MILLER,	Mr. Miller.
RICHARD the <i>Millar's</i> Son,	Mr. Berry.
LORD LUREWELL,	Mr. Este.
COURTIERS and	
KEEPERS of the Forest.	

W O M E N.

PEGGY,	Mrs. Pritchard.
MARGERY,	Mrs. Bennet.
KATE,	Mrs. Cross.

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

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Printed for the Author, at Taylor's Head, Pall-Mall.
[Price One Shilling.]



THE
KING
AND THE
MILLER.

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

Enter several COURTIERs as lost.

First COURTIER.

IS horrid dark! and this wood, I believe
has neither end nor side.

Fourth COURTIER.

You mean to get out at, for we have
found one in you see.

Second COURTIER.

our good king Harry had kept nearer home to hunt;
my mind, the pretty, tame deer in London make much
sport than the wild ones in Sherwood Forest.

Third COURTIER.

not tell which way his majesty went, nor whether
body is with him or not, but let us keep together pray.

B

Fourth

The KING and the

Fourth COURTIER.

Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourselves
ever becomes of master.

Second COURTIER.

Well, it's a terrible thing to be lost in the dark:

Fourth COURTIER.

It is. And yet it's so common a case, that one
not think it should be at all so. Why we are
us lost in the dark every day of our lives. Kings
keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by
ignorance. Divines lose us in dark mysteries; Lawyers
in dark cases; and statesmen in dark intrigues:
the light of reason, which we so much boast of,
is it but a dark-lanthorn, which just serves to put
us from running our nose against a post, perhaps;
is no more able to lead us out of the dark mists of
and ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *Ignis*
would be to conduct us out of this wood.

First COURTIER.

But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks.
And, for all your morals, day-light would be much
ferable to this darkness, I believe.

Third COURTIER.

Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on, we shall
some house or other by and by.

Fourth COURTIER.

Come along. [E

Enter the KING alone.

No, no, this can be no publick road that's certain.
I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it
to be a king? Night shews me no respect: I cannot
better, nor walk so well, as another man. What
king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not what
his counsellors I plainly find. Is he not more powerful?
I oft have been told so, indeed, but what now can
power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent?
When seated on his throne, and surrounded with

utterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in
 and, alas! what is he but a common man? his wisdom
 not which is north and which is south; His power
 beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar
 would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up
 with these false attributes? Well, in losing the monarch,
 we have found the man.

[The report of a gun is heard.

Will some villian sure is near! What were it best to do?
 Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside
 and let manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER.

MILLER.

I believe I hear the rogue; Who's there?

KING.

Rogue, I assure you.

MILLER.

Is he better, friend, I believe. Who fir'd that gun?

KING.

I, indeed.

MILLER.

Is he, I believe.

KING.

Is he! how strange it seems to me to be talk'd to
 in this file. [Aside.] Upon my word I don't.

MILLER.

Now, come, firrah, confess; you have shot one of the
 king's deer, have not you?

KING.

Indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun
 fir'd, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been

MILLER.

I am not bound to believe this, Friend. Pray who are you
 and your name?

KING.

MIL-

MILLER. Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, have no
Where do you come from? What is your business?

KING.

These are questions I have not been us'd to, honest man.

MILLER.

May be so; but they are questions no honest man
be afraid to answer, I think; so if you can give no
account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you
with me, if you please.

KING.

With you! What authority have you to —

MILLER.

The king's authority, if I must give you an account.
I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield,
of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood;
I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that
give a better account of himself than you have done, I
mise you.

KING.

I must submit to my own authority. [*Aside.*] Very
fir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer,
and since I find you have his authority, I will give
a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour
to hear it.

MILLER.

It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's
what you can say for yourself.

KING.

I have the honour to belong to the king as well as
and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong
him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest,
the chase leading us to day a great way from home,
benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

MILLER.

This does not sound well; if you have been a hunter,
pray where is your horse?

K

MILLER of Mansfield.

3

KING.

tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and
obliged to leave him.

MILLER.

I thought I might believe this now.

KING.

not used to lie, honest man.

MILLER.

do you live at court, and not lie! that's a likely
indeed.

KING.

that as it will, I speak truth now I assure you; and,
convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham,
I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own
house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, and
that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning
in your utmost desire.

MILLER.

now I am convinc'd you are a courtier; here is
the bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow,
in a breath: here, take it again, and take this along
with it — John Cockle is no courtier, he can do what
ought — without a bribe.

KING.

you are a very extraordinary man I must own, and I
shall be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with

MILLER.

and thou! prithee don't thee and thou me; I believe
you as good a man as yourself at least,

KING.

I beg your pardon.

MILLER.

I am not angry, friend, only I don't love to be too
familiar with any-body, before I know whether they de-
serve it or not.

KING

KING.

You are in the right. But what am I to do?

MILLER.

You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will guide you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning, I will go with you myself.

KING.

And cannot you go with me to-night?

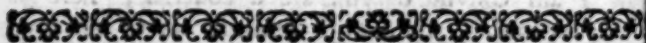
MILLER.

I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

KING.

Then I must go with you, I think.

[E



Scene changes to the Town of Mansfield

DICK alone.

Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to see thy face. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be a trick of theirs to get me into their power. Yet they seem to be wrote with an air of sincerity, I confess. The girl was never us'd to lie till she kept a lord company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.

Dear RICHARD,

I am, at last (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the injury done to us both by that base man, who made me think you false; he contriv'd these letters which I send you, to make you think you just upon the point of being married to another. I thought I could not bear with patience, so, aiming at revenge on you, consented to my own undoing. But, for your sake, I beg you to return hither, for I have some business to

able to do you justice, which is the only comfort of your
self'd, but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

can be no cheat in this sure! The letters she has
I think, a proof of her sincerity. Well, I will go
however: I cannot think she will again betray me:
has as much tenderness left for me, as, in spite of
usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let
me, I am not far from the house, I believe.

[Exit.

Scene changes to a Room.

PEGGY and PHOEBE.

PHOEBE.

[E madam, make yourself easy.

PEGGY.

Phoebe, she that has lost her virtue, has with it lost
and all her happiness. Believing, cheated fool!
him false.

PHOEBE.

patient, madam, I hope you will shortly be reveng'd
deceitful lord.

PEGGY.

I shall, for that were just revenge. But will
make me happy? Will it excuse my falsehood? Will
me to the heart of my much-injur'd love? Ah!
That blooming innocence he us'd to praise, and call
greatest beauty of our sex, is gone. I have no charm
that might renew that flame I took such pains to quench.

[Knocking at the door.

who's there. O heavens, 'tis he! alas! that ever I
be asham'd to see the man I love!

Enter

Enter RICHARD, who stands looking on her at a
she weeping.

DICK.
Well, Peggy (but I suppose you're madam now in
drefs) you see you have brought me back; is it to try
your falshood? or am I to receive the slighted le
your fine lord?

PEGGY.
O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I
look on you without confusion: But do not think
of me; I shay'd not to be slighted by him, for the
I discover'd his vile plot on you, I fled his sight, n
he e'er prevail to see me since.

DICK.

Ah, Peggy! you were too hasty in believing, and
fear, the vengeance aim'd at me, had other charms to
mend it to you: such bravery as that [Pointing to her
I had not to bestow; but if a tender, honest hear
please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more,
your sake.

PEGGY.

O RICHARD! when you consider the wicked strat
contriv'd to make me think you base and deceitful,
you will, at least, pity my folly, and, in some meas
cuse my falshood; that you will forgive me, I dare n

DICK.

To be forc'd to fly from my friends and country
crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I can
sily forgive to be sure: But if you are less guilty of
I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your design
as you say, to clear me, and to expose the baseness
that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you
my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

PEGGY.

The king is now in this forest a hunting, and our
lord is every day with him: Now, I think, if we
take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his
feet, and complaining of the injustice of one of his
it might, perhaps, have some effect upon him.

DICK.

were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it
but the complaints of such little folks as we seldom
the ears of majesty.

PEGGY.

can but try.

DICK.

if you will go with me to my father's, and stay there
which an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in ear-
and will join with you in your design.

PEGGY.

do any thing to convince you of my sincerity, and
satisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

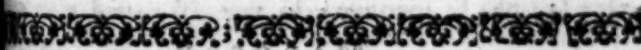
DICK.

you go now?

PEGGY.

with you in less than an hour.

Exeunt.



Scene changes to the Mill.

MARGERY and KATE *Knitting.*

KATE.

er, I would not see a spirit for all the world; but
dearly to hear stories of them. Well, and what then?

MARGERY.

at last, in a dismal, hollow tone it cry'd—
[*knocking at the door frights them both; they scream*
out, and throw down their knitting.]

MARGERY and KATE.

bles us! What's that?

KATE.

mother, it's some judgment upon us, I'm afraid.
ay, talk of the devil and he'll appear.

MARGERY.

go and see who's at the door.

C

KATE.

KATE.

I durst not go, mother; do you go.

MARGERY.

Come let's both go.

KATE.

Now don't speak as if you was afraid.

MARGERY.

No, I won't, if I can help it. Who's there?

DICK without.

What won't you let me in?

KATE.

O Gemini! it's like our Dick, I think: He's certainly
and it's his spirit.

MARGERY.

Heav'n forbid! I think in my heart it's he himself.
the door, Kate.

KATE.

Nay, do you.

MARGERY.

Come, we'll both open it.

[They open the door]

Enter DICK.

Dear mother, how do ye do? I thought you would not
let me in.

MARGERY.

Dear child, I'm overjoy'd to see thee; but I was so frighten'd
I did not know what to do.

KATE.

Dear brother, I am glad to see you; how have you
this long while?

DICK.

Very well, Kate. But where's my father.

MARGERY.

He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see what
it was.

DICK.

What, they love venison at Mansfield as well as ever,
poise?

KATE.

and they will have it too.

MILLER *without*.

Madge! Kate! bring a light here.

MARGERY.

he is.

KATE.

catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING and the MILLER.

MARGERY.

have you got?

MILLER.

brought thee a stranger, Madge; thou must give him
and a lodging if thou can'st.

MARGERY.

have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you:
come.

MILLER.

Where is he? Why Dick! How is't, my lad?

DICK.

well, I thank you, father.

KING.

and you had pull'd me down.

MILLER.

fir, you must excuse me; I was overjoy'd to see my
He has been at London, and I have not seen him these
years.

KING.

I shall once in my life have the happiness of being
as a common man; and of seeing human nature
in disguise. *[Aside.]*

MILLER.

has brought thee home so unexpected?

DICK.

will know that presently.

C 2

MILLER.

MILLER.

Of that by-and-by then. We have got the king in the forest a hunting this season, and this honest man, who came down with his majesty from London, has been with 'em to-day, it seems, and has lost his. Come, Madge, see what thou can'st get for supper. A couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and fetch a pitcher of ale. We are famous, sir, at Mansfield, for good food and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

KING.

Good ale will be acceptable, at present, for I am very thirsty. But pray, how came your son to leave you, and go away?

MILLER.

Why, that's a story which Dick, perhaps, won't have told.

KING.

Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter KATE with an earthen pitcher of ale and

MILLER.

So now do you go help your mother. Sir, my head aches very much.

KING.

Thank ye, sir. This plain sincerity and freedom, is a virtue unknown to kings.

MILLER.

Come, sir.

KING.

Richard, my service to you.

DICK.

Thank you, sir.

MILLER.

Well, Dick, and how dost thou like London? Canst thou show us what thou hast seen.

DICK.

Seen! I have seen the land of promise.

MILLER.

of promise! What do'st thou mean?

DICK.

court, father.

MILLER.

wilt never leave joking.

DICK.

serious then, I have seen the disappointment of all my
and expectations; and that's more than one would wish

MILLER.

would the great man, thou wast recommended to, do
at all for thee at last?

DICK.

yes; he would promise me to the last.

MILLER.

do the courtiers think their dependants can eat promises?

DICK.

they never trouble their heads to think, whether
at all or not, I have now dangled after his
several years, tantaliz'd with hopes and expectations;
promis'd one place, the next another, and the third,
and certain hope of — a disappointment. One falls, and
promis'd before; another, and I am just half an hour
; a third, and it stops the mouth of a creditor; a
; and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it
a vote; and, the sixth, I am promis'd still. But hav-
as slept away some years, I awoke from my dream:
rd, I found, was so far from having it in his power to
place for me, that he had been all this while seeking
for himself.

MILLER.

Dick? And is plain honesty then a recommendation to
at court?

DICK.

recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing
; nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you must
yourself with other qualifications: You must learn to say
ay,

ay, or no; to run, or stand; to fetch, or carry, over a stick at the word of command. You must be of the arts of flattery, insinuation, dissimulation, and [Pointing to his palm] right application too, if you are to succeed.

KING.

You don't consider I am a courtier, methinks.

DICK.

Not I, indeed; 'tis no concern of mine what you are in general, my character of the Court is true, 'tis not so if it's disagreeable to your worship. There are particular exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

KING.

Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, so let that pass. I'll have a better success to you the next time you come to London.

DICK.

I thank ye; but I don't design to see it again in haste.

MILLER.

No, no, Dick; instead of depending upon lords promise to depend upon the labour of thine own hands; expect nothing but what thou can'st earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a description of London; thou hast seen nothing thou hast seen yet.

DICK.

O! 'tis a fine place! I have seen large houses with sumptuous hospitality; great men do little actions; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest lawyers of Westminster-Hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of 'Change Alley. The politick madmen of coffee-houses, and the wise men of Bedlam. I have seen merry tragedies, and serious comedies; devotion at an opera, and mirth at a sermon. I have seen fine cloaths at St. James's, and long bills at Fleetgate-hill. I have seen poor grandeur, and rich poverty; high honours, and low flattery; great pride, and no shame. In short, I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a thread-bare coat. How do you like London?

MILLER.

And is this the best description thou can'st give of it?

DICK.

Yes.

MILLER of Mansfield.

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KING.

Richard, you are a satirist, I find.

DICK.

Speak truth, sir; if that happens to be satire, I
spit it.

MILLER.

If this is London, give me my country cottage—
who' it is not a great house, nor a fine house, is my
house, and I can shew a receipt for the building on't. But
for our supper, I believe is ready for us, by this time;
such as I have, you're welcome as a prince.

KING.

Exeunt.



Scene changes to the Wood.

Enter several KEEPERS.

First KEEPER.

Part of the gun was somewhere this way, I'm sure.

Second KEEPER.

I can never believe that any-body would come a
hunting so dark a night as this.

Third KEEPER.

Did the deer harbour to-day?

Fourth KEEPER.

Was a herd lay upon Hamilton-hill, another just by
Blood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

First KEEPER.

Are they have been amongst.

Second

Second KEEPER.

But we shall never be able to find 'em to-night dark.

Third KEEPER.

No, no; let's go back again.

First KEEPER.

Zoons! you're afraid of a broken head, I suppose, should find 'em; and so had rather sink back again. stand close. I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the COURTIERs.

First COURTIER.

Did not you hear some-body just now? Faith I be afraid we shall meet with some misfortune to-night.

Second COURTIER.

Why if any-body should take what we have got, we made a fine business of it.

Third COURTIER.

Let them take it if they will; I am so tir'd I shall but small resistance. [*The keepers rush upon*

Second KEEPER.

Ay, rogues, rascals, and villains; you have got it, have

Second COURTIER.

Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

First KEEPER.

O, yes! very civilly; you deserve to be us'd civilly be sure.

Fourth COURTIER.

Why what have we done that we may not be civilly

First KEEPER.

Come, come, don't trifle, surrender.

First COURTIER.

I have but three half-crowns about me.

Second COURTIER.

three and six-pence for you, gentlemen.

Third COURTIER.

my watch; I have no money at all.

Fourth COURTIER.

I have nothing in my pocket but a snuff-box.

Fourth KEEPER.

the dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, rascals; you go before the justice to-morrow, depend on't.

Fourth COURTIER.

the justice! What, for being robb'd?

First KEEPER.

being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd

Fourth COURTIER.

did not you just now demand our money, gentlemen?

Second KEEPER.

rascals! they will swear a robbery against us, I warrant.

Fourth COURTIER.

robbery! ay, to be sure.

First KEEPER.

no; we did not demand your money, we demanded
you have kill'd.

Fourth COURTIER.

devil take the deer, I say; he led us a chase of six
and got away from us at last.

First KEEPER.

ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye
this night shot one of the king's deer; did not
the gun go off! Did not we hear you say, you
afraid it should be taken from you?

Second COURTIER.

were afraid our money should be taken from us.

D

First

First KEEPER.

Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all
and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't.
let's take 'em to old Cockle's, we're not far off, we
'em there all night,, and to-morrow-morning we
with 'em before the justice.

Fourth COURTIER.

A very pretty adventure.

Scene Changes to the Mill.

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, and I
at Supper.

MILLER.

Come, fir, you must mend a bad supper with a
good ale: here's king Harry's health.

KING.

With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's king
health; I hope you are courtier enough to pledge
not you?

DICK.

Yes, yes, fir, I'll drink the king's health with all my

MARGERY.

Come, fir, my humble service to you, and much good
do ye with your poor supper; I wish it had been be

KING:

You need make no apologies.

MARGERY.

We are oblig'd to your goodness in excusing our ru

MILLER.

Prithee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with c
ments.

MARGERY.

husband, if one had no more manners than you, the
man would take us all for hogs.

MILLER.

I think the more compliments the less manners.

KING.

to too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are
ceremonies in religion; the one has destroy'd all true
and the other all sincerity and plain-dealing.

MILLER.

a fig for all ceremony and compliments too: give
hand; and let us drink and be merry.

KING.

honest miller, let us drink and be merry. Come,
you got e'er a good song?

MILLER.

my singing days are over, but my man Joe has got
valent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll
in.

KING.

all my heart.

MILLER.

Enter JOE.

MILLER.

Joe, drink boy; I have promis'd this gentleman that
I'll sing him your last new song.

JOE.

master, if you have promis'd it him, he shall have it.

D 2

SONG.

SONG.

I.

*How happy a state does the miller possess ?
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.*

II.

*What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in this dress may be honest far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.*

III.

*Tho' his hands are so dar'd they're not fit to be seen
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.*

IV.

*What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.*

V.

*Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this he wou'd mimick the toads of the state ;
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.*

VI.

when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 when he's weary-contented does lie;
 rises up chearful to work and to sing:
 happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

MILLER.

Here's a song for you.

KING.

Should go sing this at court, I think.

DICK.

Alas, if he's wife, he will chuse to stay at home tho'.

Enter PEGGY.

MILLER.

The wind blew you hither, pray! You have a good share
 of impudence, or you would be asham'd to set your foot
 in my house, methinks.

PEGGY.

Alas I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. *[Weeps.]*

DICK.

My father, suspend your anger for the present; that she
 is now is by my direction, and to do me justice.

PEGGY.

So that is all that is now in my power; for as to myself,
 my ruin'd past redemption: my character, my virtue,
 peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my friends, de-
 spis'd by the world, and expos'd to misery and want.

KING.

Let me know the story of your misfortunes; perhaps
 it may be in my power to do something towards redressing

PEG-

PEGGY.

That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd;
as for me, shame will not let me speak, or hear it told. [L]

KING.

She's very pretty.

DICK.

O, sir, I once thought her an angel; I lov'd her dearer than my life, and did believe her passion was the same to me: but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to see her, her youth and blooming beauty presently struck his fancy; a thousand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; even the promise of making her his wife, could prevail upon her: in a little time he found out her love to me, and, imagining this to be the cause of her refusal, he forg'd letters, and feign'd stories, contriv'd to make me believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Possess'd with this opinion, she, in a rage, would never see him more; and, in revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor while I was so near her, he brib'd one of his castles' mistresses to swear a child to me, which she did: this was the occasion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

KING.

And how does she propose to do you justice?

DICK.

Why, the king being now in this forest a hunting, we desire to take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice done us by this noble villain.

MILLER.

Ah, Dick! I expect but little redress from such an application. Things of this nature are so common among the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jest.

KING.

Those that can make a jest of what ought to be shocking to humanity, surely deserve not the name of great noble men,

D

DICK.

What do you think of it, sir? If you belong to the court, perhaps, may know something of the king's temper.

KING.

Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his court, to do injustice to the meanest subject in his kingdom. But who is the nobleman that is capable of such actions these?

DICK.

Do you know my lord Lurewell?

KING.

DICK.

That's the man.

KING.

Well, I would have you put your design in execution. 'Tis my opinion the king will not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

MILLER.

Which it may prove so.

Enter the KEEPERS, leading in the COURTIER.

First KEEPER.

Cockle! Where are ye? Why, man, we have a pack of rogues here just in the fact.

KING.

Ha, ha! What turn'd highwaymen, my lords? or strikers?

First COURTIER.

Very glad to find your majesty in health and safety.

Second COURTIER.

I have run thro' a great many perils and dangers to-night, the joy of finding your majesty so unexpectedly, will us forget all we have suffer'd.

MIL.

MILLER and DICK.

What! is this the king?

KING. Would you

I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess; and particularly, you my lord Lurewell.

LUREWELL.

Your majesty does me honour.

KING.

Yes, my lord, and I will do you justice too; your honour has been highly wrong'd by this young man.

LUREWELL.

Wrong'd, my liege!

KING.

I hope so, my lord; for I would fain believe you be guilty of baseness and treachery.

LUREWELL.

I hope your majesty will never find me so. What this villain say?

DICK.

I am not to be frighted, my lord. I dare speak at any time.

LUREWELL.

Whatever stains my honour must be false.

KING.

I know it must, my lord; yet has this man, not knowing who I was, presum'd to charge your lordship, not with great injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have his wife; which, if true, were base and treacherous; I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him, for the wrong done to your honour.

LUREWELL.

I thank your majesty. I will not be severe; he shall ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be obliged to marry the creature he has traduc'd me with.

KING.

's mild. Well, you hear your sentence.

DICK.

I not have leave to speak before your majesty?

KING.

canst thou say?

DICK.

had your majesty's permission, I believe I have certain
 ess, which will underliably prove the truth of all I
 accus'd his lordship of.

KING.

ce them.

DICK.

Enter PEGGY.

KING.

you know this woman, my lord?

LUREWELL.

ow her, please your majesty, by sight; she is a tenant's
 eter.

PEGGY.

] Majesty! What, is this the king?

DICK.

KING.

you no particular acquaintance with her.

LUREWELL.

I have not seen her these several months.

DICK.

my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for,
 re, I have some letters which will prove your lordship
 had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is
 the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest
 most solemn protestations of love and constancy; here

E

is

is another which will inform your majesty of the part I took to ruin her; there is an absolute promise of mine before he could accomplish it.

KING.

What say you, my lord, are these your hands?

LUREWELL.

I believe, please your majesty, I might have a little of gallantry with the girl some time ago.

KING.

It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness? Or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and unhumane? You remember the sentence which yourself pronounced upon this innocent man; you cannot think it that it should pass on you who are guilty.

LUREWELL.

I hope your majesty will consider my rank, and not me to marry her.

KING.

Your rank? my lord. Greatness that stoops to a base and low, deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordship great? Is it your gilded page and dress? Then put it on your meanest slave, he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate? A villain that should plunder you of all, would then be as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the great man. I therefore think you ought, in justice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

PEGGY.

Let my tears thank your majesty. But, alas! I am to marry this young lord; that would only give me power to use me worse, and still encrease my misery. I therefore beg your majesty will not command him to marry me.

KING.

Rise then, and hear me. My lord, you see how the greatest nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions.

under your own hand, an absolute promise of
to this young woman, which, from a thorough
of your unworthiness, she has prudently declin'd
you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it;
command you, upon pain of my displeasure, imme-
to settle on her three hundred pounds a year.

PEGGY.

heaven reward your majesty's goodness. 'Tis too
for me; but if your majesty thinks fit, let it be set-
upon this much-injur'd man, to make some satisfaction
the wrongs which have been done him. As to my-
I only sought to clear the innocence of him I lov'd
wrong'd, then hide me from the world, and die for-

DICK.

act of generous virtue cancels all past failings; come to
arms, and be as dear as ever.

PEGGY.

cannot sure forgive me!

DICK.

I do, and still will make you mine.

PEGGY.

why did I ever wrong such generous love.

DICK.

no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the
which has made us blest.

KING.

you be happy.

MILLER.

After I have seen so much of your majesty's good-
I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage
majesty receiv'd from me.

the king draws his sword, the miller is frighted, and
rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.

have I done that I should lose my life?

E 2

KING.

KING.

Kneel without fear. No, my good host, so far from having any thing to pardon, that I am much debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man make a worthy and honourable knight, so rise up, Cockle: and, to support your state, and in some for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand marks shall be your revenue.

MILLER.

Your majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and hope not to be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for though willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolved to be an honest man.

KING.

I rely upon your being so: and, to gain the name of such a one, I shall always think an addition to my happiness, tho' a king.

Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize
Which kings, of all men, ought not to despise;
By selfish sycophants so close besieg'd,
'Tis by meer chance a worthy man's oblig'd;
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.

FINIS.

643.2.17
12

16th June



Mr JOHN COCKLE

AT

C O U R T.

Being the SEQUEL to the

ING and the MILLER.



JOHN COCKLE

OUR T.

ING and the MILLER.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

*S*ome poor orphan, at the friendly gate
Where once reliev'd, again presumes to wait;
So mov'd by former kindness to him shewn,
Our honest MILLER ventures up to town.

grets you all. His hearty thanks I bear
Each kind friend. He hopes you're all so here.
the same favour you'll continue still

art, which late you shew'd him at the mill.
Should you not? If plain untutor'd sense
I speak blunt truths, who here will take offence?

common right he pleads, no party's slave;
on either side, to fool and knave.

as at Mansfield, he at court appears,
un-corrupted by mean hopes and fears.

by his mind does to his prince impart,
embolden'd by an honest heart.

are his merits——on this plea I sue—
humbly he refers his cause to you.

“ Small

PROLOGUE.

* “ *Small faults, we hope, with candour you’ll
“ Nor harshly treat a self-convicted muse.
If, after tryal, he should mercy find,
He’ll own that mercy with a grateful mind;
Or, by strict justice, if he’s doom’d to death,
Will then, without appeal, resign his breath.*

* These two lines were added after the first night
formance, occasioned by some things which the audience
justly found fault with; and which, the second time
left out, or alter’d as much as possible: and the author
this opportunity of thanking the town for so judicious
favourably correcting him.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

WORD! what a stupid race these poets are!
This tim'rous fool has made me mad, I swear:
I have I teas'd him every day this week
For an epilogue—'tis still to seek.
I, he cry'd: I fear 'twill meet sad fate;
Can one thank an audience after that?
Mr. What-d'ye-call't, said I, suppose it shou'd;
My epilogue might do it good.
Madam, said he, and smil'd—if I cou'd write
In humour, fit for you to speak, it might.
A very civil of the man, indeed—
Come, said I, write something, never heed.
—if it please, said he,—on that condition,
I make my compliments, with due submission.
The matter and the words I leave to you—
I said him; and I'll try what I can do.
The author thanks you for this favour shewn him,
The man is modest; that I must say on him.
Oys, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit—
Were I he, faith I'd pluck up a spirit;
Nay, 'tis meanly giving up his cause,
To claim no merit, when he has your applause.
I to compliment you as I wou'd,
If you lik'd the thing, because 'twas good.
I must have his way—and so to you
I give, as justly due.

F

Dramatis

E P I L O G U E
Spoken by Mrs. C. I. V. B.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>The King.</i>	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Sir John Cockle.</i>	Mr. Miller.
<i>Sir Timothy Flash.</i>	Mr. Beard.
<i>Greenwood.</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Buckram, a Taylor.</i>	Mr. Gray.
<i>Barber.</i>	Mr. Ray.
<i>French Cook.</i>	Mr. Woodward
<i>Vintner.</i>	Mr. Turbett.
<i>Joe.</i>	Mr. Marshall
<i>Three Courtiers.</i>	Mr. Rastor.
	Mr. Woodbourn
	Mr. Leigh.

W O M E N.

<i>Miss Kitty.</i>	Mrs. Clive.
<i>Mrs. Starch.</i>	Miss Tollett.



Sir JOHN COCKLE

A C O U R T.

SCENE I.

Sir John, Taylor, Barber, and Joe.

TAYLOR.

I S the fashion, sir, I assure you.

Sir JOHN.

Fashions are for fools, don't tell me
of fashion. Must a man make an ass
of himself, because it's the fashion?

TAYLOR.

would be like other folks, sir, wou'd not you?

F 2

Sir

36 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

Sir JOHN.

No, fir, if this is their likeness, I wou'd not be like folks. Why, a man might as well be cas'd up in a here's buckram and whalebone enough to turn a bar-

JOE.

Sir, here's the barber has brought ye home a new peri-

Sir JOHN.

Let him come in. Come, friend, let's see if you're at fashions as Mr. Buckram here. What the devil's

BARBER.

The bag, fir.

Sir JOHN.

The bag, fir! And what's this bag for, fir? This the fashion too, I hope.

BARBER.

It's what is very much wore, fir, indeed.

Sir JOHN.

Wore, fir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is

BARBER.

Sir, it is only for ornament.

Sir JOHN.

O, 'tis an ornament! I beg your pardon! Now, po I should not have taken this for an ornament. My grey hairs are, in my opinion, much more becoming come, put it on. There, now what do you think like?

JOE.

I cod measter, you're not like the same mon I'm

BARBER.

Sir, 'tis very genteel, I assure you.

Sir JOHN.

Genteel, ay, that it may be for aught I know, sure 'tis very ugly.

BARBER.

They wear nothing else in France, fir.

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 37

Sir JOHN.

France, sir! what's France to me? I'm an Englishman, and know no right the fools of France have to be my guides. Here, take it again; I'll have none of your new French fopperies: and, if you please, I'll make present of this fine fashionable coat again. Fashion,
[Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Jee.]

Re-enter JOE with the French Cook.

JOE.

Here's a fine gentleman wants to speak with you.

COOK.

Have hear dat your honour want one cook.

Sir JOHN.

You are very obliging; I suppose you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you——

COOK.

No, sir, me am one cook myself, and wou'd be proud to honour to serve you.

Sir JOHN.

Cook! And pray, what wages may you expect, to afford finery as that?

COOK.

I will have one hundred guinea a year, no more; and two servants under me to do de work.

Sir JOHN.

Very reasonable truly! And, pray, what extraordinary matters can you do to deserve such wages?

COOK.

I can make you one hundred dish de Englis know of; me can make you de portable soup to put in pocket; me can dress you de fowl a-la-marli, en Ga-a-la Montmerancy; de duck, en Grinadin; de chicken en Sombre; de turkey en Botine; de pidgeon, en Mirliton, en Huxelles: en fine, me can give you de juice of five or six ham, and de juice of ten or twelve of beef, all in de sauce of one litel dish.

Sir

38 *Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.*

Sir JOHN.

Very fine! At this rate, no wonder the poor are starved and the butcher unpaid. No, I will have no such cool promise you; it is the luxury and extravagance introduced by such French kickshaw-mongers as you, that has devour'd old English hospitality. Go, go about your affairs; I have no mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar my tradesmen. Joe!

[Exit COCKLE.]

JOE.

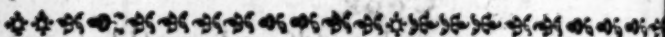
Sir:

Sir JOHN.

Let my daughter know the king has sent for me, and I am gone to court to wait on his majesty.

JOE.

Yes, sir.



SCENE II.

The King and several Courtiers.

KING.

Well, my lords, our old friend the miller of Mansfield is arriv'd at last.

First COURTIER.

He has been in town two or three days; has not your majesty seen him yet?

KING.

No, but I have sent for him to attend me this evening, and, I design, with only you, my lords, who are now sent, to entertain myself a while with his honest freedom. He will be here presently.

Second COURTIER.

He must certainly divert your majesty.

Third COURTIER.

may be diverting, perhaps, but if I may speak my mind
I think there is something too plain and rough in his
manner for your majesty to bear.

KING.

lordship, perhaps, may be afraid of plain truth and sin-
cerity, but I am not.

Third COURTIER.

your majesty's pardon; I did not suppose you was; I
think there is a certain awe and reverence due to your
majesty, which I am afraid his want of politeness may make
transgress.

KING.

lord, whilst I love my subjects, and preserve to them all
rights and liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a pro-
spect from the roughest of them: but as for that awe
and reverence which your politeness would flatter me with,
I do not. I will, that all my subjects treat me with
freedom. An honest freedom of speech, as it is every ho-
man's right, so none can be afraid of it but he that is
conscious to himself of ill-deservings. Sound maxims, and
good conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the con-
trivance prevails, the severest censure is the greatest kindness.

Third COURTIER.

your majesty is in the right, and stand corrected.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN.

if please your majesty, here is a person who calls him-
self John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, begs admit-
tance to your majesty.

KING.

let him in.

Enter

40 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT

Enter Sir JOHN.

KING.

Honest sir John Cockle you are welcome to London.

Sir JOHN.

I thank your majesty for the honour you do me, glad to find your majesty in good health.

KING.

But pray, sir John, why in the habit of a mill? What I gave you was with a design to set you the mean dependance of a trade for subsistence.

Sir JOHN.

Your majesty will pardon my freedom. Whilst I will support me, I am independent, and I look up to be more honourable in an Englishman than any dance whatsoever. I am a plain, blunt man, and possibly, sometime or other, offend your majesty; and then is my subsistence?

KING.

And dare you not trust the honour of a king?

Sir JOHN.

Without doubt I might trust your majesty very far in general, though the honour of kings ought to be sacred, the humour of kings is like that of other men when they please to change their mind, who shall call their honour in question?

KING.

Sir John you are in the right, and I am glad to maintain that noble freedom of spirit: I wish all men were as independent on me as you resolve to be; then hear more truth, and less flattery. But come, news? How does my lady and your son Richard?

Sir JOHN.

I thank your majesty, Margery is very well, and so

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 41

KING.

you have brought her up to town with you.

Sir JOHN.

displeas'd me of late very much.

KING.

Sir JOHN.

shall hear. When I was only plain John Cockle, the son of Mansfield, a farmer's son in the neighbourhood, I lov'd my daughter sincerely, and, to all appearance, her affections were placed on him. I approv'd of the match, and gave him my consent. But, when your majesty's bounty rais'd my fortune and condition, my daughter Kate became miss Kitty: she grew a fine girl, and was presently courted by the young gentlemen of the country. Amongst the rest, sir Timothy Flash, a young, rakish, extravagant knight, made his addresses to her; his title, his equipage, dazzled her eyes and her understanding; and, I suppose, of being made a lady, she despises and scorns her first lover, the honest farmer, and is determined to marry this mad, wrongheaded knight.

KING.

Is this the occasion of your displeasure? I should think it rather cause to rejoice that she was so prudent. Do you think it no advantage to your daughter, nor to yourself, to be ally'd to so great a man?

Sir JOHN.

It may be an honour to be ally'd to a great man, when a man is a man of honour; but that is not always the case. Besides, nothing that is unjust, can be either prudent or honourable: And the breaking her faith and promise with a man that lov'd, and every way deserv'd her, merely for the sake of a little vanity, or self-interest, is an action which I am asham'd my daughter could be guilty of.

KING.

you are the most extraordinary man I ever knew: I have heard of fathers, quarrelling with their children for marrying

G

42 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

marrying foolishly for love; but you are so singular, blame your's for marrying wisely for interest.

Sir JOHN.

Why, I may differ a little from the common practice neighbours——But I hope your majesty does not, fore, think me to blame.

KING.

No: Singularity, in the right, is never a crime. If you are satisfy'd your actions are just, let the world blush if they are singular.

Sir JOHN.

Nay, and I am, perhaps, not so regardless of interest as your majesty may apprehend. It is very possible a knight, or a lord, may be poor as well as a farmer. No offence, hope.

[Turning to the court]

COURTIER.

No, no, no. Impertinent fellow.

KING.

Well, sir John, I shall be glad to hear more of this another time; but tell me now how you like it. Your son Richard, I remember, gave a very satirical description of it; I hope you are better entertain'd.

Sir JOHN.

So well, that I assure your majesty, I am in admiration and wonder all day long.

KING.

Ay! well, let us hear what it is you admire and wonder at.

Sir JOHN.

Almost every thing I see or hear of. When I see the splendor and magnificence in which some noblemen live, I admire their riches; but when I hear of their debts and their mortgages, I wonder at their folly. When I hear of a dinner costing an hundred pounds, I am surpris'd that one man should have so many friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made only for

meanish lords, or piddling ladies, that eat not, per-
an ounce a piece, I am quite astonish'd. When I
of an estate of twenty or thirty thousand a year, I envy
man that has it in his power to do so much good,
wonder how he disposes of it; but when I am told of
necessary expences of a gentleman in horses and whores,
eating and drinking, and dressing and gaming, I am
woud that the poor man is able to live. In short,
I consider our publick credit, our honour, our
age, our freedom, our publick spirit, I am surpriz'd,
astonish'd, and confounded.

First COURTIER.

Is this bold, sir?

Sir JOHN,

it may; but I suppose his majesty would not have
a gentleman a coward?

KING.

Let the generous spirit of freedom reign un-
To speak his mind, is the undoubted right of
Briton; and be it the glory of my reign, that all
subjects enjoy that honest liberty. 'Tis my wish to re-
all grievances; to right all wrongs; but kings, alas!
fallible men; errors in government will happen, as
failings in private life, and ought to be as candidly
And let me ask you one question, sir John. Do
ally think you could honestly withstand all the tempta-
that wealth and power would lay before you?

Sir JOHN.

not boast before your majesty; perhaps I could not.
me leave to say, the man whom wealth or power
a villain, is sure unworthy of possessing either.

KING.

self-interest too-should clash with with publick duty?

Sir JOHN.

it should: 'Tis always a man's duty to be just; and
his with whom the publick trust their rights and

44 *Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.*

KING.

I think so; nay, he who cannot scorn the narrow of his own poor self, to serve his country, and defend rights, deserves not the protection of a country to his own. At least, should not be trusted with the other men.

Sir JOHN.

I wish no such were ever trusted.

KING.

I wish so too: But how are kings to know the men?

Sir JOHN.

'Tis difficult indeed; yet something might be done.

KING.

What?

Sir JOHN.

The man whom a king employs, or a nation trusts first be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private character; mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or any way extravagant; avoid him: The soul of that man in necessity will press him, and publick fraud must pay private debts. But if you find a man with a clear sound judgment, and a right honest heart; that is the man to serve both you and his country.

KING.

You're right; and such by me shall ever be diffin'd. 'Tis both my duty and my interest to promote such, if I give wealth, it will enrich the publick; if I give power, the nation will be mighty; to give honour, I shall raise my own. But surely, your's is not the language, nor the sentiments of a miller; how, in a cottage, could you gain this wisdom?

Sir JOHN.

Wisdom is not confin'd to palaces; nor always bought with gold. I read often, and think sometimes; and he who does that, may gain some knowledge.

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 45

a cottage. As for any thing superior, I pretend not
What I have said, I hope is plain good sense; at
is honest, and well meant.

KING.

ma, I think so; and, to convince you how much I
your plain dealing and sincerity of heart, receive this
a mark of my favour.

Sir JOHN.

your majesty.

KING.

thank me now; at present I have business that must
catch'd, and will desire you to leave me; before 'tis
I'll see you again.

Sir JOHN.

your majesty a good night.

[Exit.

KING.

my lords, what do you think of this miller?

First COURTIER.

as well; what he is in the bottom I don't know.

Second COURTIER.

aid not found.

Third COURTIER.

he's set on by somebody to impose upon your ma-
th this fair shew of honesty.

First COURTIER.

ot he some cunning knave that wants to work
into your majesty's favour?

KING.

a fancy come into my head to try him; which
communicate to you, and put it in execution imme-
An hour hence, my lords, I shall expect to see
Sir John's.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

Sir TIMOTHY FLASH, the LANDLORD, GREENWOOD.

Sir TIMOTHY.

Honest Bacchus, how dost thou do?

LANDLORD.

Sir, I am very glad to see you; pray when did you come to town?

Sir TIMOTHY.

Yesterday. And on an affair that I shall want a little of your assistance in.

LANDLORD.

Any thing in my power, you know, you may command.

Sir TIMOTHY.

You must know then, I have an intrigue with a young woman that's just come to town with her father, and want an agreeable house to meet her at; can you recommend one to me?

LANDLORD.

I can recommend you, sir, to the most convenient house in all London. What think you of Mrs. Wheedle?

Sir TIMOTHY.

The best woman in all the world: I know her very well. how cou'd I be so stupid not to think of her? Greenwood, do you know where our country neighbour, sir John Cockle, lodges.

GREENWOOD.

Yes, sir.

Sir TIMOTHY.

Don't be out of the way then; I shall send a letter presently, which you must deliver privately into Miss

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 47

land. If she comes with you, I shall give you direction where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

GREENWOOD.

Sir. Poor Kitty, is it thus thy falsehood to me is to be
[Exit.]

Sir TIMOTHY Sings.

O the pleasing, pleasing joys
Which in women we possess!
O the raptures which arise!
They alone have power to bless!

Beauty smiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindness charming,
Fancy warming,
Kissing toying,
Melting dying,
O the raptures which arise!
O the pleasing, pleasing joys!

LANDLORD.

are a merry wag.

Sir TIMOTHY.

ay! why what is life without enjoying the pleasures
Come, I'll write this letter, and then, honest Bacchus,
let me what wine thou hast got.
[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Miss KITTY and Mrs. STARCH.

MISS.

But pray, Mrs. Starch, does all new fashions come first at court?

Mrs. STARCH.

O dear, madam, yes. They do nothing else there but new fashions. That's what the court is for: And w
liners, and taylors, and barbers, and mantua-makers,
to learn fashions for the good of the publick.

MISS.

But, madam; was not you saying just now that it
fashion for the ladies to paint themselves?

Mrs. STARCH.

Yes.

MISS.

Well, that is pure; then one may be as handsome
one will you know. And if it was not for a few
I believe I should be very well, should not I, Mrs.

Mrs. STARCH.

Indeed, madam, you are very handsome.

MISS.

Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am
some?

Mrs. STARCH.

Upon my word you are. What a shape is there!
genteel air! What a sparkling eye!

MISS.

Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have
and can make use of it too as well as the best of
I please.

SONG.

Tho' born in a country town,
The beauties of London unknown,
My heart is as tender,
My waist is as slender,
My skin is as white,
My eyes are as bright
As the best of them all,
That twinkle or sparkle at court, or ball.
I can ogle and sigh,
Then frown and be coy;
False sorrow
Now borrow,
And rise in a rage;
Then languish
In anguish
And softly, and softly engage.

ay, Mrs. Starch, which do you think the most gentlemanly way to walk now? To trip it away o'this manner? or to glide smoothly along, thus?

Mrs. STARCH:

both become you extremely.

MISS:

really? I'm glad you think so, for, indeed, I think you are a very good judge. And, now I think I'll have your opinion in something else. What do you think it is that makes a fine lady?

Mrs. STARCH:

Madam, a fine person, fine wit, fine airs, and fine

MISS:

you have told me already that I'm very handsome, now, so that's one thing; but, as for wit, what's that? I don't know what that is, Mrs. Starch.

H

Mrs.

50 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT

Mrs. STARCH.

O, madam, wit is, as one may say,—the—
very witty; that is—comical, as it were; doing
thing to make every-body laugh.

MISS.

O, is that all; nay, then I can be as witty as an
for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next
airs, O let me alone for fine airs, I have airs enough
I can but get lovers to practise 'em upon. And the
cloaths, why, these are very fine cloaths, I think, do
think so, Mrs. Starch?

Mrs. STARCH.

Yes, madam.

Enter Sir JOHN, observing them

MISS.

And is not this a very pretty cap too? Does not it becom

Mrs. STARCH.

Yes, madam.

MISS.

But don't you think this hoop a little too big?

Sir JOHN.

No, no, too big! no. Not above six or seven yards

Mrs. STARCH.

Indeed, sir, its within the circumference of the
great deal.

Sir JOHN.

That it may be, but I'm sure its beyond the circum
of modesty a great deal.

MISS.

Lord, papa, can't you dress yourself as you've a mind
let us alone. How should you know any thing of
fashions; come, let us go into the next room.

[*Exeunt Miss and Mrs. S*

Enter JOE with GREENWOOD.

JOE.

There's one that you'll be very glad to see.

Sir JOHN.

Is it? — What, honest Greenwood! May I believe

GREENWOOD.

I am very glad to see you; I hope all your family

Sir JOHN.

well. But, for heaven's sake, what has brought thee
London? What's the meaning of this livery? I don't
understand thee.

GREENWOOD.

I wonder that you are surprized; but I will explain
it. You know the faithful, honest love I bear your
daughter, and you are sensible, since the addresses of Sir
Flash, how much her falsehood has grieved me;
more for her sake, even than my own; my own
sufferings I could endure with patience, but the thoughts
of her reduced to shame and misery, I cannot bear.

Sir JOHN.

What dost thou mean?

GREENWOOD.

I much suspect his designs upon her are not honourable.

Sir JOHN.

Honourable! he dare not wrong me so! — But, go on.

GREENWOOD.

Immediately after you had left the country, hearing that
he was hastening to London after you, and wanted a servant,
I offered myself, resolving, by a strict watch on
his actions, to prevent, if possible, the ruin of her I
so dearly love, how ill soever I have been treated. Not
contented with me to be his rival, he brought me along with
him. We arrived in London yesterday, and I am now
about to give your daughter privately this letter?

H 2

Sir

52 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

Sir JOHN.

What can it tend to? I know not what to think; if I find he dares to mean me wrong, by this good hand

GREENWOOD.

Then, let me tell ye, he means you villainous wrong. ruin of your daughter is contrived; I heard the plot this very letter is to put it in execution.

Sir JOHN.

What shall I do?

GREENWOOD.

Leave all to me. I'll deliver the letter, and, by my haviour, we shall know better how to take our meat. But how shall I see her?

Sir JOHN.

She is in the next room; I'll go in and send her to

GREENWOOD.

If you tell her who it is, perhaps she will not be

Sir JOHN.

I won't.

Enter MISS PEGGY.

MISS.

Bless me! is not that sir Timothy's liv'ry! (*aside*) sir; is sir Timothy Flash come to town?

GREENWOOD.

Yes, madam.

MISS.

Good lack! is it you? What new whim have you in your head now, pray?

GREENWOOD.

No new whim in my head, but an old one in my which, I am afraid, will not be easily removed.

MISS.

Indeed, young man, I am sorry for it; but you have

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 53

answer already, and I wonder you should trouble me

GREENWOOD.

is it thus you receive me! Is this the reward of all faithful love?

MISS.

I help your being in love? I'm sure I don't desire I wish you wou'd not tease me with your impertinent any more.

GREENWOOD.

then did you encourage it? For, give me leave to you once did love me.

MISS.

haps I might, when I thought myself but your equal; but I think, you cannot in modesty pretend to me any

GREENWOOD.

foolish girl! for heaven's sake, what alteration do you in yourself for the better? In what, I wonder, does fine lady differ from the miller's daughter? Have more wit, more sense, or more virtue, than you had? or are you in any thing altered from your former except in pride, folly, and affectation?

MISS.

let me tell you, these are liberties that don't become at all. Miller's daughter!

GREENWOOD.

come, Kitty, for shame lay aside these foolish of the fine lady; return to yourself, and let me ask one serious question; do you really think sir Timothy to marry you?

MISS.

are very impertinent to ask me such a question: silence your presumption for ever—I'm sure he it.

GREENWOOD.

had she thinks so, however. (*aside.*) Nay, then, I expect you will resign the flattering prospect of wealth

54 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

wealth and grandeur, to live in a cottage on a little
 'Tis true, I shall be independent of all the world;
 farm, however small, will be my own, unmortgaged

MISS.

Psha! can you buy me fine Cloaths? can you keep
 a coach? Can you make me a lady? If not, I
 you to go down again to your pitiful farm, and marry
 body suitable to your rank.

SONG.

*Adieu to your cart and your plough;
 I scorn to milk your cow,
 Your turkeys and geese;
 Your butter and cheese,
 Are much below me now.
 If ever I wed,
 I'll hold up my head,
 And be a fine lady, I vow.*

And so, sir, your very humble servant.

GREENWOOD.

Nay, madam, you shall not leave me yet; I have
 thing more to say before we part. Suppose this
 honourable knight, instead of marriage, should have
 base design upon your virtue.

MISS.

He scorns it: no, 'he loves me, and I know will marry

GREENWOOD.

Dear Kitty, be not deceived; I know he will not.

KITTY.

You know nothing of the matter.

GREENWOOD.

Read that, and be convinc'd.

[She

My dear angel,

Could no longer stay in the country, when you was not here to make it agreeable. I came to town yesterday; and, if possible, you will, this evening, make me happy in your company. I will meet you at a relation's; my servant will conduct you to the house. I am impatient 'till I can myself into your arms, and convince you how much

Your fond and passionate admirer,

TIMOTHY FLASH.

MISS.

and what is there in this to convince me of his ill intentions?

GREENWOOD.

I think. If his designs are honourable, why are they not open? Why does he not come to your father's and make his proposals? Why are you to be met in the dark at a stranger's?

MISS.

I see; "I'll meet you at a relation's; my servant will conduct you;" indeed I don't know what to think

GREENWOOD.

you, madam; that pretended relation is a notorious

MISS.

He; you have contriv'd this story to abuse me.

GREENWOOD.

My dear, so well I love you, that, if I thought his designs were just, I could rejoice in your happiness, though at the expense of my own.

MISS.

[She] awfully surprize me; I wish I knew the truth.

GREEN-

56 *Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.*

GREENWOOD.

To convince you of my truth, here is a direction to house in his own hand, which he himself gave me, should mistake: whither, if you still doubt my sincerity and think proper to go, I am ready to be your conductor.

MISS.

And is this the end of all his designs! have I been content only to my ruin! my eyes are now too clearly opened. What have I been doing?

GREENWOOD.

If you are but so convinc'd of your danger, as to leave it, I am satisfy'd.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir JOHN.

What do I hear! are you reconcil'd then?

MISS.

My dear father! I have been cheated and abused.

Sir JOHN.

I hope your virtue is untouch'd.

MISS.

That I will always preserve.

Sir JOHN.

Then I forgive you any thing. But how shall I reveng'd on this scoundrel knight?

MISS.

Contrive but that, and I am easy.

GREENWOOD.

As his base designs have not been executed, I think I could expose and laugh at him, it would be sufficient punishment.

Sir JOHN.

If it could be done severely.

MISS.

think it may. I believe I have found out a way to be
 g'd on him; come with me into the next room,
 we'll put it in execution.

Enter a Servant.

gentleman desires to speak with you.

Sir JOHN.

come to him — Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive
 design.

[They go out severally.]

SCENE V.

JOHN, and the KING disguis'd as a Collegiate.

Sir JOHN.

compliments, I tell ye, but come to the point: What is
 business?

KING.

appear to you in the habit of a collegiate, you may
 I am some queer pedantick fellow; but I assure you I
 person of some birth, and had a liberal education. I
 en the world, and kept the best company. But living
 too freely, and having spent the greatest part of my
 on women and wine, I was persuaded, by a certain
 an, to take orders, and he would give me a living,
 he said was coming into his hands. I was just closing
 the proposal, when the spiteful incumbent recover'd, and
 disappointed.

Sir JOHN.

and what's all this to me?

KING.

for, there is a living now fallen, which is in the king's
 and I hear you have so good an interest with his maje-
 at I am persuaded a word from you, in my favour,
 of great service to me.

I

Sir

58 *Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.*

Sir JOHN.

And what must that word be, pray?

KING.

Nay, that I leave to you.

Sir JOHN.

You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it shall be, you being a senseless, idle-headed fellow, and having yourself by your own folly and extravagance; you think yourself highly qualified to teach mankind their Will that do?

KING.

You are in jest, sir.

Sir JOHN.

Upon my word but I am in earnest. I think, he commends a profligate wretch to the most serious fund life, meerly for the sake of a joke, gives as bad a proof morals, as he does of his wit.

KING.

Sir, I honour your plain dealing. You exactly answer character I have heard of your uncommon sincerity to let you see that I am capable of something, I have a poem in praise of that virtue, which I beg leave sent to you, and hope you will receive it kindly.

[Gives him the poem]

Sir JOHN.

Sir, I am not used to these things; I don't understand at all; but, let's see.

Sir JOHN reads.

A poem in praise of the incomparable sincerity, and most honesty, of the worthy Sir JOHN COCKLE, &c.

Sir JOHN.

Enough, enough; a poem in praise of sincerity, with some complement in the very title, is extraordinary. Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind intentions; and your poetry may be very fine, for aught I know; a little more common sense, I believe, could do you more.

KING.

He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what will do. That, I'm afraid, hits every body's taste.

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 59

I beg one word more with you? Sir, you are a gentleman of the greatest sincerity and honour I ever met with, for that reason, I shall always have the highest regard for you in the world, and for all that belong to you. I hear your daughter is going to be married; let me beg leave to present her with this diamond buckle.

Sir JOHN.

You surprize me very much; pray, what may the value of it be?

KING.

It's not worth mentioning; about five hundred pounds, I believe.

Sir JOHN.

Did not you tell me, just now, that you had spent all your fortune?

KING.

No: but it was for a particular reason; and you shall see I am not so poor as I represented myself.

Sir JOHN.

I'm glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary generosity.

KING.

I need no return, sir, upon my honour. Tho' you have your power to oblige me very much.

Sir JOHN.

I mention the living, for that I have told you already is not fit for.

KING.

But there is a certain place at court of another which I have long had a mind to: 'tis true, there is a very insignificant fellow in possession of it at present; of no service; and, I know your power with the word or two from you would soon dispossess him.

Sir JOHN.

What must he be dispossest'd for?

KING.

He's no room for me, that's all.

60 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

Sir JOHN.
Hum——Indeed, it won't do with me——here,
it again; and, let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd
a foolish thing, nor brib'd into a base one.

KING. *discovering himself.*

Then thou art my friend; and I will keep thee next my

Sir JOHN.

And is it your majesty?

KING.

Be not surpriz'd; it is your own maxim, that a king
be too cautious in trying those whom he designs to trust.
give this disguise; I have try'd thy honesty, and will not
suspect it,

Enter GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD.

Sir, I am come to let miss Kitty know privately, the
master will be here disguis'd immediately.

Sir JOHN.

Will he? Well, go into the next room and tell her
your majesty will be so good as to retire in this chamber
you will hear something, perhaps, that will divert you

Enter JOE.

JOE.

Sir, here's a servant maid come to be hir'd.

Sir JOHN.

Let her come in, I'll speak to her presently.

[*Exit with*

Enter Sir TIMOTHY *disguised, as a*
servant.

Sir TIMOTHY.

Well, I am obliged to the dear girl for this kind com-
of getting me into the house with her. 'Twill be con-
venient——

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir TIMOTHY.

I heard that the young lady, your daughter, wanted a
son, and I should be proud of the honour to serve her.

Sir JOHN.

daughter will be here presently. Pray, my dear, what's
name?

Sir TIMOTHY.

I never thought of that, what shall I say? (*aside*)
sir.

Sir JOHN.

pray, Mrs. Betty, who did you live with last?

Sir TIMOTHY.

of his impertinence; he has non-plus'd me again. (*aside*)
—I liv'd with Sir Timothy Flash.

Sir JOHN.

a vile fellow that; a very vile fellow, was not he?
he pay you your wages?

Sir TIMOTHY.

sir. I shall be even with you for this, by-and by. *Aside.*

Sir JOHN.

was well off, then; for, they say, it's what he very sel-
does. Sad pay! —I can tell you, one part of your business
be to watch that villain, that he does not debauch my
daughter; for I hear he designs it. But I hope we shall pre-
vent him.

Sir TIMOTHY.

take care of her, sir, to be sure. I burst with laughter,
think how charmingly we shall gull the old fellow. (*Aside*)

Sir JOHN.

Enter Miss KITTY.

a maid for you, Kate, if you like her.

MISS.

ord! a maid! why she's a monster! I never saw so ug-
thing in all my life.

62 Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.

Sir TIMOTHY.

The cunning jade does this to blind the old fool,

MISS.

Pray, child, what can you do?

Sir TIMOTHY.

I'll do the best I can to please you, madam, and I question but I shall do.

MISS.

Indeed you wo'nt do.

Sir TIMOTHY.

I hope I shall, madam, if you please to try me.

MISS.

No, I durst not try you, indeed.

Sir TIMOTHY.

Why, madam?

MISS.

Methinks you look like a fool, I hate a fool.

Sir JOHN.

Nay, my dear, don't abuse the young woman; upon word, I think she looks mighty well. Hold up your child. O Lord! Mrs. Betty, you have got a beard thinks.

[Stroaks her under the

MISS.

What! has Betty got a beard! ha, ha, ha! Ah, Betty, why did you not shave clofer? But I told ye you was a

Sir JOHN.

Well—and what wages do you expect, my dear?

MISS.

Ay, what work do you design to do, my dear?

Sir JOHN.

How cleverly you have bit the old fool, ha?

MISS.

And how charmingly we shall laugh at him by-and-by

Sir JOHN.

Now don't you think you look like a puppy?

Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT. 63

MISS.

Sir Timothy! are you disappointed, love? Come, don't
gry, and I'll sing it a song.

SONG.

*Al, luckless knight! I mourn thy case:
Alas! what hast thou done?
Poor Betty! thou hast lost thy place;
Poor knight! thy sex is gone.*

*Learn, henceforth, from this Disaster,
When for girls you lay your plots,
That each miss expects a master
In breeches, not in petticoats.*

Sir JOHN and MISS.

ha, ha!

Sir TIMOTHY.

am I to be us'd in this manner? and do you think
I'll bear it unreveng'd?

MISS.

have you the impudence to think you are not well us'd?

Sir JOHN.

ay, if he is not satisfied; instead of the entertain-
ment he expected, suppose we give him what he deserves.
What's within, there?

Enter three or four Servants. Sir TIMOTHY
runs off, and they after him.

Sir JOHN.

They'll overtake him; and I don't doubt but they'll give
him the discipline he deserves.

Enter KING, GREENWOOD, and COURTIERs.

KING.

What you have told me, I think they cannot use him
Madam, I wish you joy of your escape from the ruin
threaten'd you.

MISS.

64 *Sir JOHN COCKLE at COURT.*

MISS.

The king! I thank your majesty.

KING.

And I am glad to hear that you are reconcil'd to an honest man that deserves you.

MISS.

I see my error, and, I hope, by my future conduct, to make amends for the uneasiness I have given to so good a father.

Sir JOHN.

My dear child, I am fully satisfied: and I hope thou every day be more and convinc'd, that the happiness of a wife does not consist in the title, or fine appearance of a husband, but in the worthiness of his sentiments, and fondness of his heart.

KING.

And now, my good old man, henceforth be thou my friend. I will give thee an apartment in my palace, that thou may always be near my person. And let me conjure thee to preserve this honest, plain sincerity. Speak to me freely; let me hear the voice of truth. If my people complain, communicate their grievances faithfully to my ear; for how should I redress those ills, which flatterers hide, or wicked men disguise?

Sir JOHN.

I thank your majesty for the confidence you have in my heart, I know, is honest, and my affection to your majesty sincere: but as to my abilities, alas! they are but small; such as they are, if it clash not with my duty to the public, they shall always be at your majesty's service.

KING.

I'd have you just to both.

But let your country's good be your first aim,
On this our honest miller builds his claim,
At least for pardon; if you please, for fame.

FINIS.